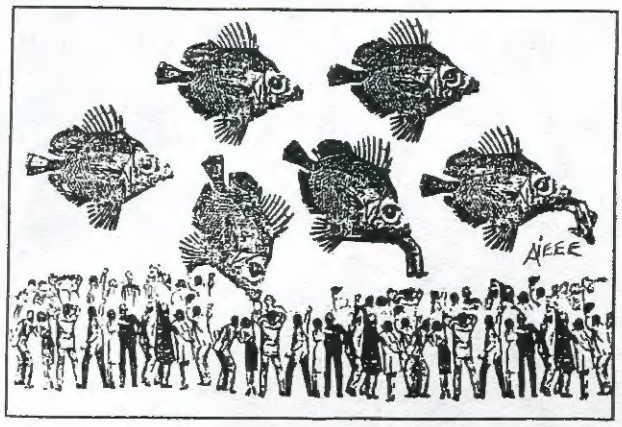
Comix Wave



SUCKING YOU OFF TH' PLANET MAX TRAFFIC '95

Clay Geerdes **COMIX WAVE 159**
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You have to wonder about the layout people at the San Francisco **CHRONICLE**. On Wednesday, January 18, 1995, the headline top left on page A-14 was **Kiddie Porn Appeal Rejected**. Stephen Knox had argued that he could not be convicted of possessing child pornography because the pictures he had purchased were not nudes, but pictures of girls who were dressed. He had been prosecuted under a federal law banning exhibition of a child's genitals or pubic area. His appeal was rejected by the Supreme Court. Right next to the article is a picture of a woman sitting in an easy chair in white bra and panties. The text reads: "Get a free not so innocent nudes panty from Warner's with purchase of two from the collection." It's an Emporium ad. Below, filling the rest of the page are four photographs of models in white bras and tight white panties. It's pretty clear that someone thinks Knox should have bought the **CHRONICLE** rather than those naughty kid pix. You have to wonder about a government prosecuting and imprisoning a man for having in his possession pictures one can find in any department store of chainstore catalog. Knox is paying for his solitary crime with a five year sentence. Doesn't make the Emporium or the CHRON any less sexist. Straight advertising for a product contains a drawing or photo of the product whether it's underwear or a bed; when there is a model in the underwear or the bed, something else is being suggested. Lest you think that's the ultimate ad trip, on January 21, 1995, Macy's ran almost a full page ad on p. C-1 of the CHRON for DONNA HARAN New York Parfum. If you get the Parfum in the signature 24k gold and black bottle, numbered and handpainted by a skilled artisan, it's only $375 an ounce. The bottle is shaped exactly like an erect penis and balls. Does this mean that hardons will become the fashion statement of the late nineties? We're not through yet. In the lower left hand corner, a few inches from that perfume bottle's left testicle is an item entitled GERE LINKED TO BRITISH MODEL.

IN LIVING TV

Of course television influences behavior. Anyone who says otherwise is full of shit. Entertainment is always influential. Kids who grow up in the country watching family members play banjos and fiddles often develop an interest in the music and the instruments. I was a radio kid who went to the movies on Friday nights if Dad took me. I read comic books. If I saw a Three Muscateers movie, I went around that week using a stick of lath for my sword, chopping up the weeds that grew along the alley behind our house in Lincoln, Nebraska. Sometimes I pinned on a towel for a cape. If I saw a western movie, I wore my toy guns around and shot bad guy neighbors like the mailman who lived next door. He used to roll a tennis ball up the sidewalk so his black Cocker Spaniel could chase it and bring it back to him. I shot the dog, too. I figured that little bugger could have been Jack Elam in a black hat. Now television has had several decades to infiltrate every household in the country and I see little kids running around karate kicking at each other and I'm supposed to think their behavior isn't influenced by the Teenaged Mutant Ninja Turtles or the Mighty Morphin Power Rangers! I think some kids are less suggestive than others and some may repress their inclination to imitate, but *all* are influenced by what they see. Be honest now, don't you get the impulse to kick a kid's butt when he raises his hand and says a loud "Yes!" like one of those asshole sitcom kid actors?

The big question is whether or not there is an improper subject for entertainment today. A film in which a white man rapes a black man, then gets his balls blown off in flaming technicolor has just received one of the highest awards. **IN LIVING COLOR** revelled in booger, fart, and shit jokes, thereby making stars of the Wayans Brothers and Jim Carrey [Ace Ventura]. Television movies of the week could be collectively titled **TORTURED WOMEN**. After a friend of mine watched one of these in which a woman was scalded to death in a shower while villain Robert Mitchum skulked outside the glass door, she was upset enough to write to the network in protest [NBC, naturally]. The reply told her the network had no control over the content of the movies; that would be censorship! The Networks certainly have no problem censoring any criticism of capitalism, nor are they troubled that labor has no public voice, but brutalizing women, well, they consider that just good fun. 1995 looks like more of the same. On **Cybill**, a guy referred to his new red Porsche as a "$70,000 dollar penis." An ex-hubby referred to Cybill's breasts as "the pointer sisters," and the episode ended with Cybill laughing hysterically while she stabbed a man to death in a movie shower scene. Now there's good family entertainment. On **NYPD BLUE** a couple of episodes back, we had to watch Dennis Franz and the female District Attorney shower together nude. Sex object equality lives. How long before **THE LORENA AND WAYNE BOBBITT STORY** hits prime time? They could get the old Coasters' hit *Searchin'* and use it for a theme song. And President Bill fires Ms. Elders for talking about masturbation. Holy hypocrisy, Batman.

Clint Eastwood will be 65 on May 31, 1995. Can you see Clint stopping by his local Social Security office, scowling at the clerk and saying, "Go ahead, make my day."

The first part of a new Terry Laban trilogy is printed in **DARK HORSE PRESENTS #93**. "Eno and Plum" explores the relationship between a woman with a rich father and a grungy loafer. Yuppie Edgar Reamington will flash you back to Archie Andrews' rival, Reggie.

ALL-COVER COMICS 7 is available for 50¢ pp from Randy Paske, 415 N. 17th St. #4, Manhattan, KS 66502-4064.

CUD 8 is at your comic store. Can superstar Bob Cudd survive post-fame?

HATE 17 looks good in color. Bagge's flea market hustler is a good character. Expect most of you will see a bit of yourself in him. The key to fame and fortune for a collector is to buy one or two of the going superfad, salt them away, and pass them along to the kids for their college education. Just as Mickey Mouse items and toys from the thirties are worth big bucks today, so will those first Ninja Turtle action figures, Power Rangers, etc. be the valued items in 2020.

It was logical that IBM and Apple merge in the nineties; otherwise how would they give birth to HAL by 2001 and fulfill Clarke's prophecy?

Information on **Rip Off Press'** recent projects is available from Kathe Todd, POB 4686, Auburn, CA 95604.

POPLORE: Folk and Pop in American Culture. Gene Bluestein argues for a revision of the idea of folklore in this new book from University of Massachusetts Press. Check your local bookstore. One of Gene's sons, Evo Bluestein, plays in a band called **BAD BOY ZYDECO.** Cajun and Zydeco music have become cultic around California in the past five years.

ANIMATION IN POINT RICHMOND?

Pixar, Inc., owned by Apple founder Steve Jobs, is located in Pt. Richmond, California, a little town that is mostly an extension of the Standard Oil Refinery which is located there. Jobs bought Pixar in 1986 when it spun off from Lucasfilm. Pixar built the Computer Animation and Production System [CAPS] used by Disney in **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.** It's RenderMan tool has been improved and is currently being used to make the full-length animated film **TOY STORY.** RenderMan was used to make the liquid steel terminator fought by Schwarzenegger in **TERMINATOR 2.** John Lassetter who won an oscar in 1988 for **TIN TOY,** the world's first completely computer-animated short feature, is writing and directing **TOY STORY** for Pixar. The project is financially backed by Disney. See story in Gina Smith's INSIDE SILICON VALLEY column in San Francisco **EXAMINER,** February 5, 1995, B5,14.

Ed Guthman reviewed Terry Zwigoff's film re **CRUMB** in the San Francisco **CHRONICLE,** Jan. 25, 1995, p. E-1, E-5. A follow up article 1/30/95, p. E-1 noted that Zwigoff's film won the Grand Jury Prize as best documentary. Crumb is pictured with a couple of women. The 1995 *World Almanac* has decided the only underground cartoonists who are worth listing are Robert Crumb and Art Spiegelman [p. 336].

Congrats to Gina and Richie Prosch on their first full-length comic book, **EMMA DAVENPORT.** I really enjoyed the style of this book. Instead of filling in all the details and overwhelming the reader with minutia a la Marvel/Image, Prosch has designed a Rorschach style which draws the viewer in and allows him/er to complete the images. Emma likes to mix and match Shakespeare's characters, no doubt a nod to her academic background. **EMMA** ships in April. Info from Richie at POB 737, Laurens, SC 29360. Send 50¢ and a stamp and get a minicomic, **LYLE #1.**

MEANWHILE, IN ALBION, NEBRASKA...

War Games in Albion, Nebraska? Well Marc Myers looked out his window one day in January and...but, let him tell it: "I look out my window and see 3 cop cars, a van, a K-9 unit blazer and assorted state patrol and other official people sneaking about. They were out with the dog, and I panicked....but all they did was let him go pee. So I see them all move into position around a house down the block, and pretty soon 10 SWAT goons pour out of the van on the other side of the block, and sneak up through the back yard, with shields and rifles!!! Then the guy with the dog moves in. It was all over in a matter of ten minutes, everyone drove away...they had an ambulance parked on the other side of the block. And from what I could see, they may actually have got a person out of the house. Now this is the biggest case of overkill I've ever seen. Last I knew there was a Mexican couple living there, and the place had been boarded up and was in disrepair, but I thouight they'd moved out last month. I mean, I had a clear view of this from my picture window. I went outside and an old deputy told me to get back in the house, as he was hiding behind a tree in the front yard. I mean really! This is Albion, Nebraska, population 2,000...and they probably had all the security forces in the ara converging on an old house down the block! I thought it could be a drill, but there were still a few cop cars there awhile later, taking stuff out. I didn't know *what* the hell they thought was in that house, but apparently they thought it was really going to fight back. Shit! I never saw this much excitement when I lived in Minneapolis! And no one seems to know about what happened. But maybe I don't know the right people. It was just really weird, I sit back down to write this and I glance out the window and bang! It's the thought police. They got me. Hunter S. in hand and a few pot seeds in the carpet somewhere. Dangerous criminals lockem up." Marc was reading Hunter Thompson's **BETTER THAN SEX.** That'll teach him to read subversive stuff like that.

Reminds me of a story from about twenty years ago. I had painstakingly grown three pot plants in my Berkeley backyard and all were doing quite well [though all turned out male, so...], but I was concerned that a snoopy neighbor or someone who had it in for me would call The Man and get me busted. The plants were in a protected backyard and tall trees in the next yard screened them from low flying spotter planes or helicopters, but paranoia strikes deep and into my mind it did, indeed, creep. One night I am about to go to sleep and I see these bars of light flash across my ceiling and I hear strange noises outside. I jump out of bed and go to the window and sneak a look out past the drapes and sure enough there are a couple of people out there with flashlights. I race up the hall and into the living room and peek out the windows and I see a couple more flashlights on the street. Well, I figure the cops have found my three plants and it is just a matter of time before they knock on my front door and go into their Miranda routine. Wearily, I get dressed and go from window to window to pass the time while I wait for their knock. Soon, however, they flashlights are gone, moving down the street toward the corner. I get undressed and return to bed. It's about 2:30. I lay there waiting, but no knock. After going through all kinds of bad trip scenarios, I drop off to sleep.

The next morning I found out a couple of guys had robbed a fast food place and the police had chased their car to my street where they jumped and ran, cutting through the yard next to mine. The cops had searched every yard on the block, but found no one. I was only a little relieved. How could they have missed my three giant pot plants when they had my backyard lit up like a sound stage? I figured they would be back and I would still go the way of John Sinclair who did five years for having a joint back in the sixties.

First thing in the morning, I checked the street to make sure it was clear, no strange unmarked cars sitting around. I even strolled around the block, casually, nonchalantly, just like a neighbor walking his dog. Nothing unusual. Back at home I went out behind the house, pulled up my three plants, chopped them up into nondescript vegetation, packed them in a couple of green hefty bags, and stashed them in the trunk of the car. I drove down by the freeway near Emeryville and stopped in a spot where people routinely did wood sculpture and made signs commenting on people's politics and sex life. If you drive to San Francisco from Berkeley and look off to your right at the bay you'll see all these signs and perhaps find a message that expresses your sentiments. I opened the drunk and pulled out the bags, moving them around to the side of the car unseen from the freeway. I knew all the morning commuters were watching me, but I was cool. I just stolled a few feet this way and that like a guy looking for just the right fishing spot. When I walked back past the car I edged the two bags over into a clump of weeks, glanced North and South, then hopped back in the car and copped a u-ie, peeling off for home.

You have to laugh about the whole thing in retrospect, hell, you're probably smoking a joint right now, getting ready for your commute, but when you read about some poor guy getting ten years in the joint for selling some blotter acid at a Dead concert--I mean, Holy Shit. Especially since I wasn't much of a pothead at all. I'd take a hit to keep it all going, but I don't recall buying more than a couple of lids in the entire sixties! I grew those three plants because I was getting into gardening and I wondered if the soil around my house would support them. So so. Though I'll never know now since I never got that trio to harvest time. I think most of the guys who decided on careers as pot farmers took off for Humboldt County.

Boy, a SWAT team in Albion! What do you suppose was in that house?